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The Poet's Corner.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

Again they met within the clustered abodes,
Their dear old home of the dreamy past,
Nor used to know the changes Time had
made.

Since, at their parting, they had met there last.

He took her hand: "Thou'rt still my own sweet May—

Not changed, but to prove greater far with years;

The same bright smile that in my shadowed way,

The loving voice of old to quell my fears.

Mathusalem, too, the wiser, and that, for rest,

Then'd sit the bonny bairns of aye,

To calm the throbings of thy aching breast.

Melanchton, too, 'mid the woe, gay and proud,

Their pleasures from thy heart would steal my name;

Or at least in the dawning crowd.

My love with thee with his glittering mood of song;

That, in the end, I might come back to find

My little May grown stately and bold;

That silence and lone years had schooled thy mind.

To crush the tender memories of old.

For give me, May, those foolish wild, unbold,

In doubling love, I played a coward's part;

But separation beareth off a trust,

And hence, I'd never will dash the blondest heart;

"Ah, no," she murmured, fondly: "could'

And yet my faith in this was ever strong,

I loved to see such a thing as this,

With which the sweet thoughts of the fair throng.

"May, my own darling, in a distant land,

I strangled on thee every smart;

They name made work light beneath my hand;

Whene'er I went to them in my heart.

And then, when riches, honor, fame were mine,

I hastened here to thee, my patient May,

To lay my glories at thy destined shrine,

And hear what little bairns had to say.

What does she say?" "That she is thine, for ever,

The stars between have sanctified our trust,

And, so far, my life, what's it can never

The love that binds the spirits of the just?"

The deepening twilight in our shadows fall,

And stepped in rest each cold cathedral stall;

The soft voiced calling of the vesper bell;

Stole tender, loving, a blissful thrill,

While the cool loveliest organ swells,

Stirring their hearts toward that higher life,

Which, strong in faith, they will go forth to find,

Purer and holier for the bright strife.

—Paul Michel.

Ladies' Department.

BROKEN VOWS.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

L.

The bay window of a large, luxurious room in bright England, looked out upon the English Channel, the bay waters playing, waves seining and gossipping, loungers lazily tossing pebbles into the sea, or casting the bright sun-dappled rays into the water.

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